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**The Christmas tree  
songster**

**London**

**[1857]**

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PATTIE'S EDITION FOR 1857.

THE  
**CHRISTMAS**  
**TREE**  
**SONGSTER,**

*Containing a Collection of POPULAR and ORIGINAL SONGS by Hardwick, Ramsay, Thornton, Labern, &c.*

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NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN.

Afloat on the ocean my days gaily fly;  
No monarch on earth is more happy than I;  
Like a bright, brilliant star, my firm stars seem to

As sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the sea.  
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my will,  
And Fate seems ambitious my hopes to fulfil.  
Tra-la-la-la, &c.

The sea was my birth place, the morning all bright,  
When from a proud galley I first saw the light;  
The land I first trod was the home of the vine,  
Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good wine;  
While I sail o'er the sea, if the other be there,  
A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh away care.

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,  
When skies proclaim night's cheerless gloom,  
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,  
The sentry walks his lonely round;  
And should a fastidious happy crew,  
Whose nation marks the guarded way,  
"Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell,"  
"A friend"—"the word"—"Good night, all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
While weary messmates soundly sleep,  
The careful watch patrols the deck,  
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;  
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,  
Some well known voice salutes his ear,  
"What cheer, oh, brother, quickly tell,"  
"Above--below--good night! all's well."

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

It was Dunois, the young and brave,  
Was bound for Palestine,  
But first, he made his orisons,  
Before St. Mary's shrine.  
"And grant, immortal queen of heav'n,"  
Was still the soldier's pray'r,  
"That I may prove the bravest knight,  
And love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine,  
He grav'd it with his sword,  
And follow'd to the Holy land,  
The banner of his lord.  
Where faithful to his noble vow,  
His war-cry filled the air,  
"Be honour'd, aye, the bravest knight,  
Belov'd the fairest fair."

They ow'd the conquest to his arm,  
And then his liege lord said,  
"The heart that has for honour beat  
By love must be repaid.  
My daughter, Isabel, and thou,  
Shall be a wedded pair,  
For thou, art bravest of the brave,  
She, fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot,  
Before St. Mary's shrine,  
That makes a paradise on earth,  
If hearts and hands combine.  
And every lord and lady bright,  
That were in chapel there,  
Cried "honoured be the bravest knight,  
Beloved the fairest fair."

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

Music published in the Musical Souvenir.

Far, far upon the sea,  
The good ship speeding free,  
Upon the deep we gather, young and old;  
And view the flapping sail,  
Smelling out before the gale,  
Full and round without a wrinkle on fold.  
Or watch the waves that glide,  
By the vessel's stately side,  
Or the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air.  
Or gather in a ring,  
And with cheerful voices sing,  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,  
With the sunshine on our lee,  
We talk of pleasant days when we were young,  
And remember though we roam,  
The sweet melodies of home,  
The happy songs of childhood which we sung.  
And though we quit her shore,  
To seek our distant home,  
Songs of the waves that bring us back again,  
That "Britons rule the waves,  
And never shall be slaves,"  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,  
Whate'er our country be,  
The thought of it shall clear us as we go.  
And Scotland's sons shall join,  
'In the days of auld, lagne syne,  
With voice by memory softened clear and low.  
And the men of Erin's Isle,  
Battling sorrow with a smile,  
Shall sing 'St. Patrick's morning' void of care,  
And thus we pass the day,  
As we journey on our way,  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

LITTLE NELLY.

They told him, gently, she was dead,  
And spoke of heaven and smiled;  
Then drew him from the lonely room  
Where lay the lovely child.  
'Twas all in vain, he heeded not  
Their pitying looks of sorrow.  
"Hush! hush!" he cried, "she only sleeps  
She'll wake again to-morrow!"

They laid her in a lowly grave,  
Where winds blew high and bleak,  
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been  
Too rough to fan her cheek.  
And there the poor old man would watch,  
In strange, tho' childish sorrow,  
And whisper to himself the words,  
"She'll come again to-morrow!"

One day they miss'd him long, and sought  
Where most he lov'd to stray;  
They found him dead upon the turf  
Where little Nelly lay.  
With tottering steps he'd wander'd there,  
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,  
And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer,  
"Oh, let her come to-morrow."  
The old man, dying, breath'd the pray  
"Oh, let her come to-morrow."

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the maivis singing  
 It's love song to the morn,  
 I've seen the dew-drop clinging  
 To the rose just newly born.  
 But a sweeter song has cheered me,  
 At the evening's gentle close,  
 And I've seen an eye still brighter  
 Than the dew-drop on the rose.  
 "I was thy voice, my gentle Mary,  
 And thy artless winning smile,  
 That made this world an Eden,  
 Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness;  
 And thine eyes its brightness, too,  
 Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,  
 And thine hair its sunny hue,  
 Still to me wilt thou be dearer  
 Than all the world shall own,  
 I have loved thee for thy beauty,  
 But not for that alone!  
 I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,  
 And its goodness was the wife,  
 That has made thee mine for ever,  
 Bonny Mary of Argyle!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'Twas on a market day,  
 A low-back'd car she drove, and sat  
 Upon a truss of hay;  
 But when that hay was blooming grass,  
 And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,  
 No flow'r was there that could compare  
 With the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in the low-back'd car,  
 The man at the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for his toll,  
 But just rubbed his old poll,  
 And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters,  
 By far outnumber these,  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle dove,  
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of love.  
 While she sits in her low-back'd car,  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chicken  
 That Peggy is picking—  
 As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold galere,  
 And a lady for my bride;  
 For the lady would sit foremost me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist.  
 While we drove in the low-back'd car,  
 To be married by Father Mahee,  
 Oh, my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sigh  
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,  
 Had married Betty Haigh,  
 And tho' she brought him gold and lands,  
 She proved a terrible plague.  
 For, oh, she was a scolding wife,  
 Full of caprice and whim,  
 He said that he was tired of life,  
 And she was tired of him.  
 And she was tired of him.  
 Says he, "then I will drown myself—  
 The river runs below."  
 Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,  
 I wished it long ago."  
 Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,  
 Do you run down the hill  
 And push me in with all your might."  
 Says she, "my love I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack  
 And try to save my life,  
 Pray tye my hands behind my back."  
 "I will," replied his wife.  
 She tied them fast as you may think,  
 And when securely done,  
 "Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,  
 And I'll prepare to run,  
 And I'll prepare to run."  
 All down the hill his loving bride,  
 Now ran with all her force  
 To push him in—he stepped aside—  
 And she fell in, of course.  
 Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,  
 "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands,"  
 "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,  
 For you have tied my hands."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse  
 spoke;  
 Ere the king's crown go down there are crown to  
 be broke,  
 Then each cavalier, who loves honour and me,  
 Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup—come, fill up my cup—  
 Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men;  
 Unhook the west port, and let us go free,  
 For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;  
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are  
 beat;  
 But the provost (douce mon) said just what it be,  
 For the town is well rid o' that d'c'd o' Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond  
 Perth,  
 If there's a Lord in the South, there are Chiefs in  
 the North;  
 There are brave dinnie vassals, three thousand  
 times three,  
 Will cry "heigh," for the bonnets of Bonnie  
 Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the sea, to the rocks;  
 Ere I see a usurper, I'll struggle with the fax—  
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
 Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

**ANNIE LAURIE.**

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,  
Where early falls the dew,  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,  
Gave me her promise true,  
Gave me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
But, for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
That e'er the sun shone on—  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing  
Her voice is low and sweet—  
Her voice is low and sweet—  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and die.

**THE DARLIN' OULD STICK.**

My name is bould Morgan M'Carthy, from Tim,  
My relations all dead, except one brother Jim,  
He's gone a sojering out to Cow bull (Cabool),  
I dare say he's laid low with a nick in the skull.  
But let him be dead or be living,  
A prayer for his corpse I'll be giving,  
To send him soon home or to heaven,  
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue it could tell you some  
tales,  
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neill's,  
It made bits of skulls fly about in the air,  
And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair,  
For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses,  
It has often broke bridges of noses,  
Of the faction that dare to oppose us—  
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it, 'twas on Patrick's day,  
Larry Egan and I got into a shillee,  
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,  
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate  
M'Evoy.

Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,  
And by jabers he brought in a dozen,  
A doldhrum they would have knocked us in,  
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

"War," was the word, when the faction came in,  
And to pumice us well, they peeled off in their  
skin;  
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,  
And the first that came up, I sent down on his  
back.  
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy,  
For he once humbugged sister Nancy—  
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy  
To myself and the bit of a stick.

I smathered her sweetheart until he was black,  
She then tipped me the wink—we were off in a  
crack—

We went to a house t'other end of the town,  
And we cheered up our spirits, by letting some  
down.

When I got her snug into a corner,  
And the whiskey beginning to warm her,  
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,  
Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick

We got whiskificated to such a degree,  
For support my poor Kate had to lean against me  
I promised to see her safe to her abode,  
By the tarnal we fell clean in the mud, on the road  
We were roused by the magistrate's order,  
Before we could get a toe farther—  
Surrounded by peelers for murder,  
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Katty swore to the fact,  
That before I set too, I was decently whacked,  
And the judge had a little more feeling than sense,  
He said what I done was ~~my~~ MY OWN defence.  
But one chap swore against me, named Carey,  
Though that night he was in Tipperary—  
He'd swear a coal porter was a canary,  
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted, I leaped from the dock,  
And the gay fellows around me did flock,  
I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,  
For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin.  
I went and bought a gold ring, sirs,  
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sirs,  
So next night you come, I will sing, sirs,  
The adventures of me and my stick.

**THE BOY IN BLUE.**

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,  
Oh! why do you sit and weep?  
Do you think that He who guards me here,  
Forsakes me on the deep?  
Let hope and faith illumine the glance,  
That sees the bark set sail.  
Look, look at her now and see her dance,  
Oh, why do you turn so pale?  
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,  
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee,  
I love the galloping wave,  
'Tis the first of courers wild and free,  
And only carries the brave;  
It has born me nigh to the dark lee shore,  
But we struggled heart and hand,  
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,  
Shames all your strife on land,  
The storm was long, but it found me true,  
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,  
And your boy goes down in the foam,  
Be sure the last breath on his lip,  
Is a prayer for those at home.  
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard,  
A voice in the anchor chain  
That whispered like a fairy bird,  
"The bark will come back again."  
God bless you, mother; adieu! adieu!  
But never weep for your boy in blue.



5

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### TWAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING

"Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did  
peal,

A letter came thro' my window with Cupid on its  
seal,

And soon I heard a whisper, as soft as music sing,  
"Twas on a Sunday morning before the bells did ring.

The morn had been but cloudy, my heart had felt  
its gloom,

But soon a sudden sunlight filled all my little room,  
I kissed the letter, guarded with ribbons, flowers,  
and string,

"Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

Good was he, and handsomer than any in the land,  
He vowed to me his true heart, his faithful heart  
and hand,

I hurried thro' the garden, and back the gate did  
swing,

"Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

My foot the field had turned, and on its path did  
rest,

When in his arms he caught me, and pressed me  
to his breast,

A smile was on his fond lip, sweet smiles that love  
can bring,

"Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

### MINNIE.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky,  
And the soft winds sigh through the grove,  
"Mid the fragrance of flow'rs and the green spread-  
ing bowers,

A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.

"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea,  
For the sun's beaming high in the cloudless sky,  
And a true heart is waiting for thee,  
A true heart is waiting for thee."

In the silent night, when the moon shines bright,  
And the pale stars faintly peep,

At my window I hear the same voice sweet and  
clear,

Calling softly while mother's asleep,

"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea:"  
Then without a reply, like a bird, soon I fly,  
To the heart that is waiting for me,  
The heart that is waiting for me.

### BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice with hair hazel brown,

She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown,

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner, obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,  
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,  
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,  
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;

Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading  
shade,

And kept true to the click of the mill.

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,  
And a quiet now reigns all around,  
See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,  
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.  
See the old rustic porch, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
And the master so kind and so true,  
And the little nook by the clear running brook,  
We gather'd the flow'rs as they grew.  
O'er the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,  
And the running little brook is now dry,  
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,  
There remains, Ben, but you and I.  
And of all the friends, &c.

### THE COTTAGE AND MILL.

Have you seen the new cottage, just built by the  
squire?

And is it not all a fond heart can desire?  
With its pretty white gate, which half open doth  
stand,

And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,  
Its garden so trim, that you cannot but stay  
To gather the freshness, and bear them away.

Yes! often I stroll to the church on the hill,  
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill.

Yes! there it was, once, stood the old water mill,  
And through the green meadows there rippled the  
rill,

And welcome were we in the good miller's time.  
When the mill and its master were both in their  
prime.

And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,  
Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chorussed the  
song.

But now, as I stroll to the church on the hill,  
I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,  
And Time, I confess, has some sad changes made.  
But time, as we know, like the mill goeth round,  
New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound,  
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack,  
A I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,  
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water-mill.

### CHARLIE.

Oh! my heart is gay as a summer day,  
When Charlie's by my side;

In the coming spring the bells will ring,  
For I shall be his bride!

Ah! yes, his bride soon I shall be;  
He, who is all, all the world to me!

Oh! were Charlie king, or the bravest knight  
That ever banner bore,

I should not feel more proud than now,  
Nor love him, love him more;

Were Charlie king or the bravest knight,  
I could not love him more.

Oh! his step is light, and his eye is bright,  
As mornings radiant beam!

Of him I think the live-long day,  
Of him at night I dream!

Ah! yes his bride soon I shall be;  
He who is all, all the world to me.

Oh, were Charlie king, &c.

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### CHARMING MAY.

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May,  
 Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,  
 That com'at from thy bow'r's  
 Mid perfume and flowers,  
 Charming, charming, charming May!  
 Thou art spring with it's wint'ry days gone by,  
 And summer without it's scorching sky;  
 The sun may be bright, the storm may be free,  
 But the tranquil beauty of May for me.

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May,  
 Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,  
 That com'at from thy bow'r's  
 Mid perfume and flow'rs,  
 Charming, charming, charming May!  
 There is gladness and joy in thy genial face,  
 Fit emblem of innocence, freshness, and grace;  
 There is peaceful delight, to me ever dear,  
 In charming May, the green month of the year.

### MARY MAY.

They have chosen the proud stranger,  
 Because a lord was he,  
 Who could boast of wealth and riches,  
 And a line of high degree.  
 They have left me here to languish,  
 To fade and pine awny,  
 They have made the world a desert,  
 Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,  
 And wandered by her side,  
 She told me that she loved me,  
 And vowed to be my bride.  
 They have torn the tie asunder,  
 She now is far away,  
 They have left me broken-hearted,  
 Bereft of Mary May.

### EMMA SNOW.

I was down in Alabama,  
 Not bery long ago;  
 I knew a yaller charmer,  
 Her name was Emma Snow.  
 Her eyes were bright as di'mond,  
 Her teeth were pearly white,  
 And dey glisten'd in de darkness,  
 As de moon does in de night.  
 But de happy time is ober,  
 I'm full ob grief and pain,  
 For I shall neber, neber see  
 My Emma, dear, again

I used to go out early,  
 To hoe de sugar cane,  
 De time it pass'd so cheerly,  
 When my Emma dear was seen.  
 And when de work was ober,  
 And de night it came again,  
 We danced and sung right gaily,  
 To de banjo's sweetest strain.

But de happiest heart has sorrow,  
 De brightest day has night,  
 I lost my lubly Emma,  
 By de adder's poison bite.  
 We miss'd her in de ebening,  
 We hunted far and wide,  
 Wef ound her in de meadow,  
 Where she'd pined away and died.

### WIMMOR NELLY BLY. NO BAWT

Music published in the Musical Request.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along,  
 We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, an' hab a  
 little song;  
 Poke de wood, my lady lub, an' make de fire burn,  
 An' while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a  
 turn.

Heigh Nelly, oh Nelly, listen lub to me,  
 I'll sing for yed, play for you, a dulseam melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle dove,  
 I hears it in de meadow, an' I hears it in de grove.  
 Nelly Bly hab a heart, warm as cup ob tea,  
 An' bigger dan de sweet potatoes, down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye, when she goes to sleep,  
 An' when she wakens up again her eye balls 'gin to  
 peep;  
 De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an' den she  
 brings it down,  
 An' when it lights, dere's music dar, in dat part ob  
 de town.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber, nebber sigh,  
 Nebber bring de tear drop in de corner ob your eye.  
 For de pie is made ob pumkin, and de mush is made  
 ob corn,  
 An' dere's corn an' pumkins plenty, lub, a laying in  
 de barn.

### OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Hear what a little bird whisper'd to me--  
 Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Somebody's coming ere long.  
 Then march, march, march,  
 Ye lads of the heather,  
 Come trooping together,  
 Come, march, march, march,  
 Gallant hearts, valiant and strong.  
 Oh, its over the sea, over the sea,  
 Hear what a bonnie bird whisper'd to me--  
 Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Somebody's coming ere long.

Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Too long my laddie has wander'd fra me--  
 Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Now he is coming once more.  
 Then we'll march, march, march,  
 To greet him once more,  
 On his own native shore!  
 Let us march, march, march,  
 And bear him in triumph along.  
 Oh, its over the sea, over the sea,  
 Hear what a bonnie bird whispered to me--  
 Over the sea, over the sea,  
 Charlie is coming once more.

### DOWN IN A VALLEY.

Flora gave me fairest flowers,  
 None so fair is Flora's treasure;  
 These I placed on Phillis' bowers,  
 She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure,  
 Smiling meadow's seem to say,  
 "Come ye wantons here to play."

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane! my dearest Jane,  
Ah, never look so shy,  
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,  
When the bloom is on the rye.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear,  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear,  
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,  
Ah never look so shy,  
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,  
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,  
And I will buy the ring,  
The lads and lasses in favours white,  
And the village bells shall ring.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear,  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then pretty Jane, &c.

### IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

In this old chair my father sat,  
In this my mother smiled;  
I feel their blessings on me wave,  
And deem myself a child.  
I feel the kiss of their fond love—  
Joy, joy, too bright to last!  
Oh, why will cruel time remove,  
Or Mem'ry paint the past!

And here, alas, when they are gone  
In Beauty's own array;  
A pitying angel on me shone,  
To chase each grief away;  
But oh, it was delusive love,  
Too sweet, too pure to last,  
Ah, if such cruel time must remove,  
Mem'ry, why paint the past!

### GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART! GOOD BYE!

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,  
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,  
And I from thee my leave am taking,  
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.

How sinks my heart with fond alarms,  
The tear is fading in mine eye,  
For time doth thrust me from thine arms.  
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye! good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,  
Loud swells the song of chaffincheer,  
The Lev'rot bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,  
Yet I am here! yet I am here!

For since night's gems from heaven did fade,  
And morn to floral lips doth hue,  
I could not leave thee, though I said  
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye!

### IT WAS MY FATHER'S CUSTOM.

Come hither, bring the holly-bush to decorate the  
hall;  
With lofty boughs of misletoe to hang around the  
wall;  
Spread wide the snowy table cloth upon the shin-  
ing board,  
And bring the best of everything the larder can  
afford;  
Then place a seat for every guest—let here the  
glasses shine;  
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now bring the massive yule log, the fire pile well up  
For we must draw around it, to drain the wassail  
cup;  
The harmless joke shall pass around, with spirits  
gay and light;  
Our laughter shall ring out aloud, and echo here  
to night;  
The old their gossip shall enjoy, the youth with  
mirth combine,  
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now see the guests assembled, each with a smiling  
face;  
They bend their heads in silence to ask a holy grace  
Hark! how the glasses rattle, the guests enjoy  
their cheer;  
And see, the viands, great and small, they quickly  
disappear;  
Be gay, my friends—be merry, boys—to feast let  
none decline;  
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Now clear away the table cloth, and let the wind  
remain;  
Bring oranges from Portugal, and grapes from  
sunny Spain;  
Place here the cakes, and there the nuts, and there  
the rich preserve,  
Good housewife, bring your dainties—keep nothing  
in reserve;  
Then bring the bowl, the jolly bowl, and fill it up  
with wine;  
It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine.

Then clear away each table, and put away each  
chair;  
And let the merry music the rejoicing dance pre-  
pare.  
We'll play the games, the Christmas games—blind-  
man, and hunt the shoe,  
And kiss the lasses round and round, under the  
mistletoe;  
For Christmas comes but once a year—its mirth  
let none decline;  
These were my father's customs, and so they shall  
be mine.

### HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses—  
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,  
Let the bumper toast go round,  
May they live a life of pleasure,  
Without mixture, without measure,  
For in that true joys are found.

## NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

### CHRISTMAS CAPERS.

Tune—Dickie Birds.

Hallo, now! what's the row? are the people all insane?

No, you flat—every brat knows 'tis Christmas come again.

'Here's your lovely holly, marm!' the costermonger bawls,

'To flare up in your window, or to warrigate your walls.'

Let's be gay while we may,  
With lots of grog to cheer;  
Glasses prime—Christmas time  
Only comes but once a year.

At butchers' shops, hundreds stops, for at Christmas they're the chief—

Married ribs pull their jibs at the splendid ribs of beef;

The cockney cakes all stare, amaz'd at what oil cakes have done,

For there's fat enough for candles full a hundred years to come.

Grocers, too, windows strew with sweets to curb your sour—

Sugar candy, just the dandy, to suck away the hours.

The spices go off spicy, and plummy, too, the plums,  
The currants, too, as usual, have some very rapid runs.

Sucking pigs without their wigs, turkies tempting hang about,

Lard and suet, sure to do it, rises twopence in the pound—

Such a chat for this and that—scarcely eggs to make the duff—

Tradesmen swear it isn't fair, fowls won't lay 'em fast enough.

Each gin palace, full of malice, cheap gin and porter boast,

And try, by the bye, which can poison people most.

The call just now for spirits is so spirited in town,  
In their mouth folks want a railroad to get it faster down.

Logs burning, spits turning, for a scrumitious mortal gorge—

Well I never! Did you ever? since the days of old King George.

Pies and puddings—bad and good 'uns—boil and bubble in each street—

People treating, for their eating seem in a boiling heat.

Casks and barrels—Christmas carols, squalling, bawling out in style—

Geppers smoking—women poking up their fires to get a bile.

Fiddlers, fifers, jolly pipers, and drummers, too, appears,

With noise enough to split the drums of everybody's ears.

Dinner's done—lots of fun, now they've put away the feed—

Dice and cards, gallopaded, or singing, takes the lead;

Maidens blush, make a rush, and bashfulness assume,  
When they twig the naughty mistletoe being handed round the room.

Elder hot, from the pot, now works its way around,  
Till its strength makes their length pay homage to the ground.

At last they all get taken with a swimming in their head,

And being half seas over, they go swimming home to bed.

### THE HOLLY! THE HOLLY!

A traveller have I been from birth,  
A traveller must I be;

Yet ne'er saw I the tree on earth,  
That's like the holly tree!

Beneath the palm I've found relief,  
Beneath the great banyan;

But nothing's like the holly leaf,  
Unto an Englishman.

The holly—the holly with berries red,  
That garlands the snows of old winter's head.

The cedars are a mighty thing,  
They form'd the temple's roof;

The oak it is a forest king,  
With trunk of tempest proof.

The cocoa cures a thirsty grief,  
As well as cup or can;

But nought is like the holly leaf  
Unto an Englishman.

The laurel pays the poet's deeds,  
The laurel soldier's win;

But lattice panes with holly beads,  
As red as hearts within.

To make the traveller's sorrows brief,  
Take off the pilgrim's ban;

No!—nought is like the holly leaf  
Unto an Englishman.

### THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Tho' the wind blow, tho' the snow fall,

We laugh at old care to-day;  
They're dancing and singing in bower and hall,

And we'll be as merry as they.  
The mistletoe hangs on the rafters high—

Fill, fill every bosom with cheer,  
For Christmas was meant for jollity,

And cometh but once a year.  
Then deck up your houses with holly.

Bring in the haunch, let the hearth blaze,  
Eat, drink, and chase every pain—

With joyous old carol of bygone days,  
We seem to live over again.

Then what care we for a wintry sky,  
Who dream but of sunshine here?

Why, Christmas was made for jollity,  
And cometh but once a year.

Then deck up your houses with holly.

## HUMOURS OF CHRISTMAS,

OR, THIS IS LIFE IN LONDON.

Tune—Wonderful Metropolis.

Oh, what a time, what a famous opportunity,  
To spend your cash, to cut a dash, for frolic, fun,  
and spree;  
Christmas is come again, that scene of love and  
unity—  
Your fireside is surrounded with hearts light and  
free.

Little Joe must homeward go to spend a month  
with daddy;  
The boarding miss to get a kiss and see her bonny  
laddy;  
Sally Long, and Jenny Strong, and little Tommy  
Tenderback,  
With Bill and Fred, and Dick and Ned, set off for  
London in a crack.

Plums are pick'd, the pie is made, beef's at the fire  
roasting,  
The girls and boys are gone to church the Litany to  
read;  
The ale is tapp'd, the wine's unbinn'd, and some  
their friends are toasting,  
Wishing health and happiness to those who are in  
need.  
Dinner o'er, they've fun in store, each eager to  
enjoy it,  
Old and young join in the throng, and ne'er wish to  
destroy it,  
Of blind man's buff they've had enough, and for-  
feits paid by misses,  
They romp and play, and end the day with mistletoe  
and kisses.

The next scene too, I depict to you, comes Charley  
for a Christmas box,  
The waterman, the lamplighter, the dustman, for  
beer,  
Cap in hand, at street door stand, hoping you'll re-  
member them,  
'Do, ma'am, pray consider Christmas comes but  
once a year.'  
A hog a piece they get at least, then toddle to a  
lushing ken,  
And drink and smoke, and laugh and joke, as big as  
any aldermen.  
A flash of lightning they delight in, heavy wet, and  
whiskey too,  
Then to and fro they reeling go, and cry past one  
instead of two.

Heigh gee oh, away they go, in haste to Covent  
Garden,  
Where at the door, by half-past four, hundreds may  
be seen;  
Such pushing and shoving—'You're on my foot';  
'I beg your pardon,  
It wasn't me, upon my soul, but that there man in  
green.'  
'I say 'twas you'—'I've lost my shoe'—'Oh, dear,  
what will become of me?'  
'There goes my shawl—my cap and all—I wish  
you'd leave off shoving me.'  
'This maid will die'—'Oh, la, my eye! you've put  
your spoony elbow in it—'  
'There goes the door'—'Make way, you bore'—'I'll  
have a front seat in a minute.'

When they're all in, till they begin, they're kicking  
up a riot,  
Some with fruit, some in dispute for a place to see.  
'Play up, Nosey'—'Let's be cosy'—'Keep that  
young 'un quiet—'  
'Hats off in front!' 'I say, Bill Hunt, here's a place  
by me.'  
Trumpets blowing, gods bravoing, when Grimaldi  
he appears;  
Such a sight's here to-night, I ha'n't seen such for  
many years.  
Harlequin and columbine the lovers running after,  
Till they knock down old man and clown, which  
makes us die with laughter.

Play's at an end, so I intend to cut my ditty shorter,  
Or my relations will your patience quickly tire out;  
So push about the liquor, boys, your brandy, wine,  
and water.  
Ah, now dull care you must despair, we've put you  
to the rout,  
Fill your glasses, pledge your lasses, friendship and  
humanity,  
Let's to each other prove a brother, ne'er give birth  
to vanity;  
And ev'ry year we'll mingle here, a happy set of  
honest men,  
And never fear, but Christmas cheer will make me  
cut and come again.  
Haste then away, for London is the only place,  
To cut a dash, to spend your cash, in frolic, fun, and  
spree.

## THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

Hail to the night when we gather once more  
All the forms we love to meet—  
When we've many a guest  
That's dear to our breast,  
And the household dog at our feet.  
Who would not be  
In the circle of glee,  
When heart to heart is yearning?  
When joy breathes out  
In the laughing shout,  
While the Christmas log is burning.

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,  
When the world seems of all light;  
For the thought of woe,  
Or the name of a foe,  
Ne'er darkens the festive night.  
When the bursting mirth  
Rings round the hearth,  
Oh, where is the spirit that's mourning?  
While merry bells chime  
With the carol-rhyme,  
And the Christmas log is burning.

Then is the time when the grey old man  
Leaps back to the days of youth;  
When brows and eyes  
Bear no disguise,  
But flash and gleam with truth.  
Oh, then is the time  
When the soul exults,  
And seems right heavenward turning,  
While we love and bless  
The hands we press,  
And the Christmas log is burning.

**THE CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.**

The Christmas plum puddin' vos in the pot,  
 Last Tuesday, inside of a neighbour's cot;  
 And the old lady's servants with glee did say,  
 With the Christmas logs ve'll have a flare up to-day.  
 The cook she declared as the kitchen she stood in,  
 There never vos current a finer plum pudding;  
 And with the things in it it seemed to be,  
 As rich a plum puddin' you'd wish to see:  
 Oh, the Christmas plum pudding!  
 Oh, the Christmas plum pudding!

Now, don't keep us waiting, the old lady cried,  
 As some boys with the servants (their brothers),  
 she spied;  
 When your young friends are gone, make no delay  
 With the puddin', because I've a party to-day.  
 So the cook shortly took off the lid of the pot,  
 But to her surprise found there it was not;  
 She fainted away in the place vot she stood in,  
 Bawlin' aloud for the Christmas plum pudding.

They sought it that hour, they sought it that day,  
 They sought it in vain 'till a week passed away;  
 In the cupboards, the pantry, and again in the pot,  
 The cook-maid sought vildly, but found it not.  
 Two weeks roll'd by, but oh! at last  
 It vos told as a curious fact on past;  
 And when they all knew it, the old lady cried—  
 Oh, see this ere cook this ere pudding has spied!

At length in the yard by the kitchen vos found,  
 On the stump of a tree by leaves hid all around,  
 This very plum pudding lay mouldering there,  
 Making all 'cept the servants brothers to stare.  
 Those urchins quicksilver had put in the dough,  
 So it jumped out the pot, and window below;  
 Then it lodged in a hedge on the stump of a tree,  
 And had been lying there ever since d'ye see?

**HOT CODLINGS.**

A little old woman a living she got,  
 By selling hot codlings, hot, hot, hot;  
 This little old woman, as I've been told,  
 Though her codlings were hot, grew monstrous cold.  
 And to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,  
 To go and get herself a drop of— Tol lol, &c.

This little old woman set off in a trot,  
 For to get her's quartern of hot, hot, hot;  
 She swallow'd one glass, and it was so nice,  
 That she tipp'd off another in a trice;  
 The glass she filled till the bottle shrunk,  
 And this little old woman I am told got—

This little old woman, while mazy she got,  
 Some boys stole her codlings, hot, hot, hot;  
 Powder under the pan put, and in it round stones,  
 Says this little old woman, 'These codlings are bones.'

The powder the pan plump in her face did send,  
 Which set this little woman on her latter—

This little old woman got up in a trot,  
 All in a fury, hot, hot, hot;  
 Said she, "The like of these little boys never was  
 known,  
 For they never will let a poor woman alone."  
 Now here's a moral, round let it be buss'd,  
 If you wish to sell hot codlings you should never  
 get—

**MERRY CHRISTMAS.**

Merry Christmas now is here,  
 And hither gaily brings  
 Merry hearts and jovial cheer,  
 And many joyous things.  
 A truce with cold formality,  
 Welcome guests with right good will,  
 To taste sweet hospitality,  
 And forget all care or ill.

Let parted friends be reunited  
 At a happy time like this—  
 Every heart will feel delighted  
 At the joyous scene of bliss.  
 The silent tear of gratitude  
 Will more than words impart;  
 The joy of having bliss renew'd,  
 And friendship to the heart.

Merry Christmas, thou wilt be,  
 As in the days of yore,  
 A scene of gay festivity,  
 And jocund mirth once more.  
 Christmas! oh, how welcome, thou  
 Dear old familiar friend;  
 Love and pleasure ever now,  
 Will every hour attend.

**OLD CHRISTMAS IS COME.**

Old Christmas again shows his white frosted head,  
 With his evergreen holly, and berries so red:  
 Once more the blithe song and gay tale goes round,  
 And nought is heard but mirth's jovial sound—  
 From simple small cottage, to proud vaulted dome,  
 Gay pleasure is found now Old Christmas is come.

Oh, bright the yule log on the red embers gleams,  
 Which illumines the glances that merrily beams  
 From many soft eyes, while thought is intent,  
 On diffusing the blessings kind Heaven has sent  
 Wherever you wander, abroad or at home,  
 Mirth echoes around now Old Christmas is come.

**TYPITYWICHET.**

This very morning, handy,  
 My malady was such,  
 I in my tea took brandy,  
 And took a drop too much.  
 (hiccup.) Tol de rol, &c.

But stop! I must not nag head—  
 My head aches—if you please  
 One pinch of Irish Blackguard,  
 I'll take, to give me ease.  
 (sneezes.) Tol de rol, &c.

Now I'm quite drowsy growing,  
 For this very morn,  
 I rose when cock was crowing—  
 Excuse me if I yawn.  
 (yawns.) Tol de rol, &c.

I'm not in cue for frolic,  
 Can't my spirits keep,  
 Love and windy colic,  
 'Tis that which makes me weep.  
 (cries.) Tol de rol, &c.

I'm not in mood for crying,  
 Care's a silly calf;  
 If to get fat you're trying,  
 The only way's to laugh.  
 (laughs.) Tol de rol, &c.

## NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

### WHO'S WHO.

New Version.

J. A. Hardwick. Sung by Mr. W. J. Julian.

Air:—"Coal-black Rose."

I'm just going to inform you all,  
Who's who, among great Men, and small;  
In this land, and in foreign ones, too,  
So allow me to tell you who is who.  
'Tis a comic who's who, of Bricks and Sticks  
In Eighteen Hundred and Fifty Six.

Now, Prince Albert's the Man, worth half-a-crown  
Who'd pull our National Gallery down,  
And take it where only nob's could get to it,  
But,—German dodger—we won't let him do it.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

General Williams is the Hero, brave and bold,  
Who defended Kars; till starved and sold;  
A few more like him, the Army could boast,  
Old, gouty muffs would 'nt rule the roast.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

Louis Napoleon's the Emperor that gags the Press,  
And gives Eugenie Pepper to the French Noblesse;  
One good thing he does, they ought to do here,  
He keeps Bread and Meat from being too dear.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

Mr. Spurgeons' tho the Popular Preacher chap,  
Who caused that dreadful Sunday mishap;  
Lets show what his friends they gathered in cash,  
They'll give to them who met with the smash.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

The Duke of Cambridge seems to be the right Man,  
In the right place, and doing all he can,  
By sacking such Men as Vane Tempest—the muff!  
Such fellows are not made of the right stuff.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

Lord John's the Man who's lost his fame,  
Very small himself, and so's his name;  
He's got a tile loose, and more's the pity,  
It's Pickles, with him, for the City.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

The Ladies in Umbrella Hats are the scoff  
Of Urchins, who like to take them off;  
Saucy Boys bawl, in words, that do not flatter—  
"Crickey!—I say misses—"who's your Hatter?"  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

British Bank Directors are the Men who steal,  
The Public's tin, in a way genteel;  
All our ragged pris'ns now for nothing pass,  
Robbery's done now, by each higher class.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

King Bomba's the Monarch who law defies,  
And swears he don't care for the Allies;  
But wait a little longer, and down he'll go,  
Into Vesuvius, or to old Nick below.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

France and England are the two united powers,  
Before whom every despot lowers;  
And lets hope the Alliance no cause may sever,  
And John Bull and Jean Frog be friends for ever.  
'Tis a Comic, &c.

Myself the Man, who to please you tries,  
With my who's who comicallities;  
And the patrons kind, are all of you.  
Who've listened awhile, to my new who's who.  
'Tis a Comic who's who, of Bricks and Sticks,  
In Eighteen Hundred and Fifty Six.

### HARLEQUIN QUICKSILVER.

By T. Ramsay. Sung by Mr. Levi.

Air—The Devil's Own Shop.

I'm call'd Harlequin patchy  
No havey, no catchy  
A Christmas-bird from the pantomime nest  
Light flippant and airy,  
The child of a fairy  
Harlequin quicksilver reckless of rest.

#### CHORUS.

With skipping and tripping  
Of beautys lip sipping,  
The delight of young folks and the pet of the fair  
In magic acts dealing,  
The future revealing,  
I am here, there and no where yet every where.

Old Panto's whims spoiling  
The Clown's mischief foiling  
I challenge their wit and maintain my own way,  
The sweet Columbine  
I've selected as mine  
And tho' my foes follow I lead them astray.

To give them vexation,  
I cause transformation,  
And cause them perplexity past all repair,  
They in vain try to snap me  
To cross me and trap me,  
But I cleverly lead the knaves in their own snare.

The fat of the land  
I have always at hand,  
With a flourish and slap of my magical bat  
Turn a pig to a monkey  
A cow to a donkey,  
Make a rat-trap a carriage, a team from a rat.

I'm a sprig of high breeding,  
Have the best of good feeding  
Take a passage through ceiling, through floor,  
or stone wall;  
At roast beef and plum pudding  
I can furnish a good 'un,  
And what's more, I can make them from  
nothing at all.

I keep cutting my capers  
To cure you of vapors,  
I never can tell while your's is the cause;  
And I feel it my duty  
To use smiles on beauty,  
My season is Christmas my pride your ap-  
plause.

(Concluding with Dance).

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

**HERE'S CHRISTMAS COME AGAIN.**

The words and Music by C. M. Cutbush.

Once more the winter's chilly blast  
Has bared the autumn's fields;  
And rural scenes and pleasures past,  
Our fire-side comfort yields.  
While bitter frosts and darkness drear  
Make desolate the plain,  
How oft is heard as fades the year—  
"Here's Christmas come again!"

And now is spread the festive board,  
And flows the generous wine,  
The blazing earth is amply stored—  
The holly berries shine.  
While time-tired friends and lovers young  
Converse in cheerful strain :—  
And merry lays are blithely sung—  
'Tis Christmas come again!

Yet 'mid such scenes of social bliss  
Will steal the sorrowing tear,  
As some beloved one's face we miss  
That graced the throng last year;  
But mirth the tribute drop soon dries  
And joy resumes his reign  
Pale sorrow at his presence flies,  
'Tis Christmas come again!

Hushed be the sigh that breathes regret  
For scenes or pleasure past,  
Bright eyes are beaming on us yet  
Oh may their lustre last,  
To greet full oft the smiling spring,  
And summers joyous train—  
And view the faded autumn bring  
Old Christmas oft again.

**THE GREAT MEAT PIE.**

By J. Labern.

You've heard of the wondrous crocodile,  
And the thund'ring great Sea Snake—  
No doubt it's often made you smile,  
And caused your side to ache.  
Now I've got one that'll make you laugh.  
For a month to come, or nigh—  
So listen, while I tell you about  
A stunning great meat pie.

As through the country I did stroll,  
On business rather pressing—  
I stopp'd at the sign of the, Toad in the Hole,  
To give my stomach a dressing.  
I'd scarcely poked my nose in, when,  
Without a word of a lie—  
There was just three hundred and fifty men  
Going to pitch into a pie.

It was a stunner, out and out—  
To describe it I'm scarce able—  
It took a about sixty ploughmen stout,  
To serve it up to table.  
It was a tidy weight that's clear—  
It's a fact there's no disowning—  
For half a mile off you might hear  
The tables actually groaning.

You may guess it was a tidy size—  
It took a week to make it ;  
A day to carry it to the shop,  
And another week to bake it,  
Oh, had you seen it—I'll be bound  
Your wonder you'd scarce govern—  
They were forc'd to knock the front wall down  
To get it in the oven.

It took about thirty sacks of flour—  
It's a fact, now, what I utter—  
Three hundred pails of water, too,  
And a hundred firkins of butter.  
The crust was nearly seven feet thick—  
You couldn't easy bruise it ;  
And the rolling-pin was such a size,  
That it took twelve men to use it!

This pie contain'd as much rump steak  
As would half supply the navy—  
And bullock's melt enough to make  
About ninety gallons of gravy—  
With fifty ducks, two stone a piece—  
Enough for any glutton ;  
Twelve fillets of veal, and forty geese,  
And thirty legs of mutton.

There was twenty-five spare ribs of pork—  
I'm sure I'm not mistaken—  
Two-and thirty hams from York,  
And twenty side of bacon.  
The pie was made by fifty cooks,  
And all of the first-raters ;  
So they finish'd the filling up, odzooks ;  
With a ton of kidney taters.

When word was given, a general rush  
Took place to hack and hew it—  
They began to clamber up the crust,  
To get their knives into it,  
When all at oncethe top gave way—  
They thought it was much thicker,  
And ninety-five poor souls, they say,  
Was drowned in the liquor!

This took their appetites away—  
They took it as a warning—  
And after that pie-ratic night,  
They went in general mourning.  
So ever since the village folks—  
Although they live like good 'uns—  
The pie so stuck in all their throats,  
They eat nothing else but puddens.

**CHRISTMAS AT THE DIG-  
GINGS.**

By J. A. Hardwick. Air—Tubal Cain.

'Twas a swarthy, fierce, and bearded band  
Of diggers carousing lay,  
And they drank a health to the olden land  
Of England far away.  
'Twas, merry jovial Christmas time,  
On the far Australian shork,  
But, tho' wanderers from their native clime,  
All thought of the days of yore,  
And each rude guest of that rough band  
Aside his tools did lay ;  
And from gold hunting stayed his hand  
In honour of Christ--as day



NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

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The hardened sons of the bush were there,  
And the outcasts from all climes;  
Some driven from home, by wants despair,  
Some banished for ruffian crimes,  
But fierce and lawless tho' they seemed,  
By the tent fire's roaring blaze,  
Each grimly smiled, as tho' he dreamed  
Of his bye-gone Christmas days.  
And oaths were hushed on many a tongue  
Unclenched the uplifted hand!  
And they toasted Christmas night, and sung  
The songs of the olden land.

They told old tales of home, and love.  
And of what they once loved best;  
And it seemed as if Noah's peaceful dove  
Had sit on that tent to rest,  
For reckless, daring, wild, and bold,  
As the uncouth diggers stood,  
And shouted, it proved that greed of gold  
Had not withered all of good.  
And now were made, and plans were laid,  
When they'd rifled the yellow sand  
To no longer stay, but sail away,  
For their dear, loved native land,

Thus ever it is with human hearts  
'Mid the storms of evil tossed,  
However from right the soul departs,  
It never is wholly lost,  
As well as the honest emigrant,  
The branded wretch feels sorrow,  
And his scared, and wearied heart will pant  
For a happy, bright to-morrow.  
To waft him home to the cherished clime,  
'Ere all outruns life's sand,  
To enjoy another Christmas time  
In his own loved native land.

**DEAR OLD CHRISTMAS TIME.**

For Music. By J. A. Hardwick.

Come gather round the household hearth,  
And our friendships lets renew for life;  
There's thorns enough along life's path,  
Without its travellers being at strife.  
On this welcome, glad some, holy day,  
To be foes, is but a crime;  
Then, friends estranged, be so no more,  
This dear old Christmas time.

**CHORUS.**

Then lets forgive, and lets forget,  
And think no more of wrong;  
Lets down all animosities,  
In the carol, and the song.

We're journeying to a pleasant land,  
Where starry-spangled Angels dwell;  
And if so we could live in this world,  
To fit us for that, it were as well,  
Then, while the ruddy embers glow,  
And ringing are the chimes,  
Oh, vanish unkindness far away,  
These dear old Christmas times.

Then lets forgive, and lets forget,  
And think no more of wrong  
Lets down all animosities,  
In the carol, and the song.

**SONG OF THE CLOWN,**

By J. A. Hardwick. Air—County Jail.

My daddy kept a cobbler's shop,  
And wanted me at home to stop;  
But I'd a soul all buttons above,  
And meant my way in the world to shove,  
He often said that I should be  
Most famous of the family,  
And money, gain and great renown,  
And lo! Here I am!—"How are you?"—a  
clown.

**CHORUS.**

Sing tumble—shumble—here we go,  
Some are high, and some are low;  
Some go up, and some fall down,  
And here am I, a grinning clown.

My youthful taste was voted low,  
I'd run to every travelling show,  
And give each penny of my hoards,  
To beat the big drum on the boards,  
But the character that pleased me most,  
More than King Dick, or Hamlet's ghost,  
Was rolling to the foot-lights down,  
In the worthy dress of funny clown.

Sing, tumble, stumble, &c.

Dad warned me I should come to starve,  
But a fortune I thought I could carve;  
But I've not carved it yet—what's more  
I can't carve enough to stop my maw,  
You think we're happy chaps no doubt,  
But pickles I by long odds you're out;  
There's none so sad, when poor, and down  
As, off the stage, the laughing clown.

Sing, tumble, stumble, &c.

I was not good to learn at school,  
But learned more to play the fool.  
Sung "Typitywicket" in my dreams,  
And "Hot Codlings," 'stead of Watts's Hymns,  
My head with learning never shone,  
But served me well to stand upon,  
In fact my tricks, said 'all the town,  
Showed as I'd talent for a clown.

Sing tumble stumble &c.

My brother Dick he rose to rank,  
As director of a British Bank;  
While Jack Dad's snobbing business took,  
And Bill wrote a Religious Book,  
I'll swear they'll never own that I  
Belong to that 'ere family;  
But on my wondrous generous frown,  
Because I'm but a tumbling clown.

Sing tumble stumble &c.

Yet, Bill's a humbug, Jack's a snob  
And Dick the British Bank did rob;  
The honour of the family,  
As daddy said, devolves on me,  
So, with my paint, and jokes, and "props,"  
I tumble on and never stops!  
And when a "Panty" brings a clown,  
I'm a rollicking, jolly happy clown.

Sing tumble, stumble, here we go,  
Some are high, and some are low,  
Some go up, and some go down,  
And here am I, a grinning clown.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Since we for mirth and wit incline,  
And you've my muse caught, in a line,  
I'll sing about some friends of mine,  
Who gave a Christmas party;  
The two Miss Summers, Mr. Snow,  
Who melted was or nearly so,  
With many another belle and beau,  
Where to the party asked to go;  
Then maiden aunts, some old and lame,  
And cousins more than I can name,  
Were all to dinner asked and came,  
To join the Christmas party.

For fun and frolic, and good cheer,  
To bury sorrow once a year,  
Relations they come far and near,  
To join the Christmas party!

The dinner scarcely had begun,  
When all was jollity and fun,  
Good things are often said and done,  
When at a Christmas party;  
Miss Prim, a maid of sixty-two,  
Was in a most outrageous stew,  
She couldn't eat, and what to do  
Not for the life of her she knew!  
She blushing said, To speak my mind,  
To day fate's been to me unkind:  
I've all my false teeth left behind  
Far from the Christmas party.

Now having lost her teeth, you'd think  
It greatly would her spirit sink,  
But no, she after took to drink,  
When at the Christmas party;  
One Mr. Lowe, it did appear,  
Had fallen in love with sweet Miss Mene,  
When ask'd if he'd on wedlock been,  
Said, Yes he'd take a little drink;  
Then thinking he'd a cuckold got,  
He seized hold of the nearest pot,  
And, oh! he swallowed such a lot,  
When at the Christmas party!

The beef dishes'd and stow'd away,  
We mov'd the order of the day,  
Plum-puddings smoking soon were they,  
When at the Christmas party!  
We needed nothing to eat,  
But cut the pudding in a trice,  
And every one soon had a slice,  
But thought it wasn't over nice,  
We found the cook in liquor got,  
To put in any plums forgot,  
And instead of currants mixed up shot,  
To vex the Christmas party!

Tho' many this cause'd to repine,  
A worse misfortune then was mine,  
I vinegar pour'd out for wine,  
When at the Christmas party!  
My wife declar'd it was all a trick,  
I only wished to make her sick;  
A vulgar fellow in the nick,  
Then swore he'd wop me like a brick!  
My wife not liking such disgrace,  
Forgetting company or place,  
The vinegar threw in his face,  
When at the Christmas party!

Good humour once again restor'd,  
We sat around the festive board,  
Each seem'd with fun and frolic stor'd  
When at the Christmas party;  
There's my son Tom a forward child,  
Said Mr. Bayly as he smiled,  
Altho' his mother says he's spoiled,  
He's off' us by a song beguiled,  
Each scrambled to a seat and sat,  
As quiet as an old door mat,  
When Tom struck up All round my hat,  
Before the Christmas party.

Thus merrily we pass'd the day,  
Till morn came on, we couldn't stay,  
So all prepared to go away,  
Tho' from the Christmas party!  
But on the stones about the door,  
Some rascals they threw water o'er,  
Which having frozen till it bare,  
Of ice there was indeed a store;  
We started from the house pell-mell,  
All over one another fell,  
And long it was ere we got well,  
All thro' the Christmas party.

THE IVY TREE,

Set to music by Mr. E. Jones.

Oh, I love to be where the ivy tree,  
Climbs high o'er the abbey wall  
When the twilight fades and the deeper shades  
Of the midnight gently fall.  
On the old grey stone—I sit alone  
And think of the days gone by,  
Of the holy prayer, and the vespers there,  
And the saints that never die.

For it seems to me when the ivy tree  
Climbs high o'er the abbey wall,  
That their spirits glide in the eventide  
Till the midnight shadows fall,

What times were those when the monks arose  
At the sound of the matin bell,  
And the high-born dame, and the peasant came  
Like light to the barren scene,  
Their beads at the shrine to tell,  
Then, right good cheer through all the year  
Was found in the baron's hall,  
Has the vespers o'er—none loved it more,  
Than those in the abbey wall,  
For it seems, &c.

Though ruin may be where the ivy tree  
Climbs high with its coat of green,  
Its brave bright leaf still gives relief  
Like light to the barren scene,  
Though it decks the halls where no footstep  
falls,  
Its bought shall merrily wave  
Still bright and green were the brave have  
been,  
Who sleep in each trophied grave,  
For it seems, &c.

## NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS,

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

By J. A. Hardwick.

Air—Lucy Neal.

Oh, how we cling, as age comes on, to sports of  
olden times!  
How dearly we remember our youths' festive  
Christmas rhymes;  
With its happy, happy hours, and its joyful days  
of glee,  
But none lives like the memory of dear childhood's  
Christmas tree.

Oh, the gifted Christmas tree—the glittering  
Christmas tree—  
Oh, that I were a boy again, to hail the Christ-  
mas tree.

Pure-hearted childhood loves the flow'rs and sweet  
scented May,  
And the perfumed rose, the daisies red, and frag-  
rant new-mown hay;  
But not for colour, beauty, or its wild luxuriance  
free,  
But for its lovely home-joys—how it loves the  
Christmas tree,

The glowing Christmas tree—my parents made  
for me,  
Oh, would I were a child again, to hail the  
Christmas tree.

No joy implanted in the child's heart ever wholly  
dies,  
And, like a green spot in the desert, rest and shade  
supplies,  
When wearied with the troublous world, at Christ-  
mas time we see  
Once more that happy relic of past years—the  
Christmas tree.

Loved, cherished Christmas tree—all else may  
fade but thee,  
Oh, that I were a boy once more, to hail the  
Christmas tree.

At jovial Christmas time, young manhood loves  
mistletoe,  
And the venerable sire loves the holly's crimson  
glows;  
But childhood, angel childhood, worships deep  
and truthfully,  
The shining many coloured, hope inspiring Christ-  
mas tree.

The glorious Christmas tree—the fairy Christ-  
mas tree,  
Oh, that I were but young again, to hail the  
Christmas tree.

As time glides, cares encrust our hearts, as rings  
encase the oak,  
Until the "silver cord is loosed, the golden bow is  
broke,  
But, tho' friends, familiar places, and times fade  
from memory,  
May our hearts keep pure, as when we first be-  
held the Christmas tree.

Dear cherished Christmas tree—beloved Christ-  
mas tree!  
Blessed childhood, happy be you, with your  
Christmas tree.

### THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Written by J. A. Hardwick.

Air: Katty Avourneen,

'Twas a gay Christmas night, and the jule log was  
burning,  
The household sang many a sweet carol and lay  
But the hearts of the sire and the mother wert  
yearning,  
For the youngest son, absent, an outcast, away.  
The old folks rejoiced, but 'twas tempered with  
sadness,  
Long years had departed since Norman had fled  
And lone weary watching had chastened their glad-  
ness,  
Had bowed them to earth, and had silvered each  
head,  
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, they wept sadly  
mourning,  
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, when wilt thou re-  
turn.

In the flush of life's morning, home, kindred—al-  
scorning,  
Young Norman departed, the cold world to  
roam;  
Until, like the Prodigal, in bitter tears mourning,  
Youth, substance, all wasted, he longed for his  
home.  
Heart-broken and weary, faint, famished, and  
parching,  
None gave him to eat, and none asked him to  
rest,  
From the rude battling world, back to childhood's  
home marching,  
The wanderer returns, like the dove to her nest.  
Oh, Norman!—oh, Norman! his parents aye  
mourning,—  
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, when wilt thou re-  
turn,

Light hearts they are bounding, and bright eyes  
are glistening,  
The mistletoe swings and the red berries glow  
In the fire's ruddy light—but the old folks are  
listening  
To a voice and a footfall, faint, failing and low,  
Hark, hark,—what was that? 'tis the wicket gate  
creaking,  
The dog barks, but not as if strangers are there,  
And Nature's voice, strong in the parents' hearts  
speaking,  
Sings melody sweet, to that aged stricken pair  
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman,—half hopefully  
mourning,  
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, and dost thou re-  
turn.

He lifted the latch, and this care-worn lost brother  
cried: "Father forgive me for what I have done,  
Quick beat the hearts of his sister and mother,  
And fast flowed their tears for the Prodigal son.  
Forgive thee—the old man cried, while he caressed  
him,  
Yea, freely, my son, as the Lord will and can,  
He is truly repentant, he said, and still pressed  
him,  
Who can ask for forgiveness of God and of man.  
Oh, Norman—oh, Norman, deep joyfully mur-  
mering,  
Lost Norman—son Norman—we welcome thee  
home.

## NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

### THE CHRISTMAS BOX

By Hardwick.

Air—One-Horse Shay.

Mr. Paul Peppercorn,  
On a Boxing morn,  
Was anxiously waiting for rings and knocks.  
He expected from town,  
A hamper sent down,  
Containing a handsome Christmas box.  
Tiddle ol di iddle ol di rol ol lay.

It might be wine,  
It might be chine,—  
A pig,—a turkey, or prime wood cocks.  
His heels up he kicked,  
And his chops he licked,  
In anticipation of the Christmas box.  
Tiddle ol, &c.

Mr. P.'s in a stew,  
For the train's overdue.  
And fidgetting he counts the various clocks.  
Mrs. P. says, 'My dear,  
It ought to be here—  
I wonder what they'll send for a Christmas  
box. Tiddle ol, &c.

Every tradesman's boy  
Comes him to annoy,  
For a Christmas gift, which gives him shocks,  
While seeing each lad.  
He thinks it too bad,  
There comes not to him any Christmas Box.  
Tiddle ol, &c.

At last, all right,  
To his great delight,  
At the door a railway porter knocks,  
With a box, cloth wrapped  
And down it is dropped,  
Hurra! cries Paul, here's the Christmas Box.  
Tiddle ol, &c.

Of the cover he tears—  
But lo! how he stares—  
It isn't at all from his old friend Cox.  
He's fully satisfied,  
And quite horrified.  
To see the contents of the Christmas Box.  
Tiddle ol, &c.

'Tis not ham, or chicken,  
Nor any other nice picking  
But twin babbies, kicking like two jolly cocks,  
With a lid made of wire,  
For the kids to respire.  
And that was Peppercorn's Christmas Box.  
Tiddle ol, &c.

Now, the maid had gone away,  
Two months that very day,  
For her 'ambonpoint' gave her mistress shocks  
With the present a scrawl,  
Swore the father was Paul;  
And he pays a crown a week for the Christmas  
Box. Tiddle ol, &c.

Mind, if such tricks you do,  
Be sure you will it rue,  
And smartly pay for their keep and frocks,

If you should—don't be sold—  
Take heed of what I've told,  
Don't have 'em sent home for a Christmas Box.  
Tiddle ol, &c.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE

As it should be sung at court. Written by  
Thomas Rameay.

Air.—Coal-black Rose.

Come and take a sight of our fam'd Christmas Tree  
It bears the finest blossoms, that ever you did  
see [toil,  
It's a native of Germany, cultivated with much  
But like all other German plants thrives best on  
English soil, [sort  
Prince Albert chose a sample of the best Germanie  
Of course being planted by the Prince soon it to  
root at court.  
O, the Tree, the fam'd Christmas Tree,  
Oh, come and taste the fruits of the Royal  
Christmas Tree.

This Tree's a Royal Nursery plant, it's fruits of  
course are toys,  
Of course meant to be gather'd by the Royal Girls  
and Boys,  
But the sapient statesmen of the land, a loyal  
right dispute,  
To have a game at Girls and Boys, and gather  
folly's fruit,  
Prince Albert took an empty purse, from the Tree  
that he had Till'd,  
That annually by English gold—The Queen might  
see it fill'd.  
O, the Tree, the fam'd Christmas Tree, &c.

The Queen from this tree pluck'd a sprig in her  
bosom fair to wear, [year,  
To produce a sprig of Royalty for Eng' and every  
Lord Palmerston he had a pluck according to  
desire, [liar,  
So to play on others feelings his Lordship took a  
Then Lord John Russell had a pluck, he pluck'd  
as say so tells, [bells—  
A certain cap that fit him best twas folly's rap and  
O, the Tree, the fam'd Christmas Tree, &c.

De Triel whom we must admit has work'd hard for  
a name,  
With rage he pluck'd a trumpet down, to sound  
forth his own fame,  
Lord Lucan seized a horse and sword to founish  
it at large, [a charge,  
Lord Cardigan he followed suit, that he might make  
Cambridge his baton pluck'd and a green laurel leaf  
To go in training so it proves for the command-  
in-chief.  
O, the Tree, the fam'd Christmas Tree, &c.

Indeed so many pluck'd the toys, they left the Tree  
quite bare,  
But the biggest Boys and Girls of course had the  
best share,  
Till the minors soon caught up the game, and to  
keep from robbers free.  
Now every one plants for himself toys from his  
Christmas Tree.  
Now plant your Christmas Tree my friends, that  
it may take good root,  
And instead of toys, roast beef and pudding be its  
annual fruit.  
O, the Tree, the fam'd Christmas Tree, etc.